

GRAND RAPIDS HERALD

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The weather today will be cooler, northerly winds.

BLAINE AND ALGER.

Secretary Blaine holds the key to the republican situation, but like a Sphinx he refuses to speak or nod to make the way of the future plain. He is the first and only favorite of the people and were they to express a choice today Blaine would secure a triumphant nomination. But his long continued silence, aggravated by his sudden attacks of illness, has thrown his friends into a state of apprehension and uncertainty. Again the report is revived that during this month he will write a letter defining his position and retiring from the field. This has become unreliable by frequent repetition and we are left in doubt as to his real intentions. With Blaine out of the way the field presented is clear. Who shall be the lucky man? Some insist that President Harrison's re-nomination is inevitable, but is it? True he has given the country an admirable administration, business-like and conservative. But the Chilean affair and his message to congress have created a feeling that he is too anxious to succeed himself and that will militate against him in the primaries. Judge Gresham is a popular man in the west and will have a strong following if it shall be known that he is not indifferent to the high honor. Very few other names have been suggested owing to the overshadowing of the Blaine question. The one other name that has created more enthusiasm than all the rest is that of Gen. Russell A. Alger of Michigan. When all the complications now confusing the political outlook are cleared away the name of Alger will be the most conspicuous one before the Minneapolis convention. If Blaine shall not speak this month, it may be concluded that he is in the race, or that he intends to have a voice in the nomination of the successful man.

INANE ROT.

One of the physicians of this city is shocked because the members of the Press club met one Sunday afternoon and passed two hours in innocent pleasure. He rather strongly condemns the practice, irreverently intimating that it would be more in keeping with the carcasses of the "bum" element than with the dignity of the men who mold public opinion. The doctor is a member of that honorable profession which discontenances newspaper advertising as contrary to its exalted ethics, and yet if any other man than this censorious doctor were to pour into the ears of a reporter such inane rot, he would at once be accused of advertising the fact that he is both a bigot and an ass. As a matter of fact the social session was attended by every managing editor in the city, the editor of the Workman, and two Detroit journalists, together with a large majority of the reporters of the city. There was not an improper word spoken nor a light and flippant song sung. The session was infected with mirth and the spirit of royal good fellowship predominated. The moral, intellectual and physical pleasure each person present experienced was elevating and ennobling. The session was far more circumspect, in a moral sense, than a Sunday sleigh ride or attending sick calls at so much per visit. The newspaper men of this city are whole-souled, generous fellows and they rise en masse to resent the imputation that they are "bums." They work six solid days, and well into the seventh, every week, and if they shall elect to spend Sunday afternoon together in quiet, orderly discussion and the interchange of pleasanties, it will be difficult to prevent it by crying out "Sabbath desecration."

GOLD AND SILVER.

In looking for the cause of the present discussion of the silver question one is apt to ascribe it to something entirely foreign to the truth, hence the cry "hard times." A glance backward and a review of intervening events, without touching upon the merits of the silver agitation, will correct the very general error in regard to its cause. A stringency in the money market occurred in November 1890. Its direct effect was to withdraw a large amount of gold from the treasury and from the channels of commerce in this country, and to start a demand for the metal in all the foreign countries. The great banking houses of Europe unitedly clamored for our gold specie, and its exportation followed as a natural result. This exportation of gold reduced the volume of circulation in this country and money was tight; so tight that many commercial enterprises were pinched to realize funds to carry on business. The vast volume of this gold went to London, from whence it was distributed over continental Europe. The balance in France showed an increase of \$45,000,000; Germany, \$40,000,000; and other countries less, although reaching into millions. A period of mine stimulation followed, and the output quickly cured the ill of commercial stagnation. Better times dawned and continued to brighten until now the zenith is reached. The tide of gold flowing eastward has not been diminished, for last year the

total exportations amounted to an increase of \$75,000,000 in Europe, and the notwithstanding \$30,000,000 was retained to us in the earlier days of 1891, and a still greater amount during the closing months of the year. Thus it can be seen that if a balanced condition of commerce could be established and maintained with no pronounced variations or fluctuations in either direction the silver question would sink to its proper level. By keeping the channels in which gold circulates free and unobstructed, permitting them to ebb and flow with the tides of commerce, we shall have no stringent money markets and no occasion to make silver superior to gold for the benefit of the mine-owners.

CANDLEMAS DAY.

Yesterday was ground-hog day. It was the day when, according to the lore of our grandmothers and the legends of our grandfathers the ground-hog, or the woodchuck, or the gopher, or the black bear, or the badger, or the musk-wump, or some other disreputable animal emerges from his winter's hiding place and marches into the clearing. The tradition further relates that if this disreputable animal sees his shadow at this time, he straightway points for that hole and doesn't emerge again for six weeks. During the second time this specimen of the animal kingdom is secluded from the world, the inhabitants, thereof endure weather that strikes terror to the heart of the oldest inhabitant. If however, this various animal does not see his shadow, he dons his linen duster and forthwith prepares for spring. This is the idyl as our ancestors told it. The ground hog did not see his shadow yesterday. If you have love and confidence and respect for the opinions of your ancestors you will prepare for spring.

AMICABLE ADJUSTMENT.

The law students of the University have resolved to uphold the faculty in the Griffin affair. In so doing the laws have exhibited a degree of judgment, reason and common sense that is almost unique in college disturbances of this kind. The amicable adjustment of the difficulty is a high compliment to the judgment of the faculty and the sound sense of justice entertained by the students in the law department. The University of Michigan may be congratulated on the outcome of the affair; for the result has firmly established the reputation of the University of Michigan, as being the most orderly and best governed of all the great universities in America.

They have an expeditionary way of doing business in New Jersey. The police are determined to break up the Guttenberg gambling joints. To do this a raid is made every day and the officers of the race association are arrested, arraigned, tried and fined. A judge has established a temporary court just outside the race track fence, where the offenders are presented for hearings. This idea might be duplicated here in Grand Rapids for the Sunday theatrical prosecutions.

PENNSYLVANIA'S governor has issued a proclamation in behalf of the Russian famine sufferers. If the governor had looked down into the coal mines of his own state and viewed the uncouth foreigners working in the places that Americans should fill, and then take a glance into the miserable homes of both he would have been persuaded that charity begins at home.

REED, like a valiant leader, rises in the midst of the insignificant minority in the house and defends his rulings under which he counted a quorum when present while speaker of the last house. The democrats are not disposed to take a radical position in opposition to that rule, and slightly modified, it may be adopted by the present house.

BURIED beneath flowers from the hands of loving friends the death bed of the great Spurgeon presents a strong contrast to that of the Duke of Clarence. Goodness and greatness will always have recognition by the masses while royalty and blue blood will be forgotten.

CHILI has decided not to be represented at the World's Fair. Chili is foolish; her exhibit, after the world-wide notice she has attracted by going down on her knees before this government, would receive more attention than that of any other government on earth.

AFTER reading many papers pregnant with horse sense, the horse doctors adjourned their state convention yesterday. The modern veterinarian is a vast improvement on the farrier of former days and has taken a place in the ranks of professional, educated men.

NOTWITHSTANDING the savage fight made by the lottery men the United States supreme court has decided that lottery letters and advertisements shall not be transmitted through the mails. The express companies and tobacco stores will now do a thriving business.

GARZA is still at large, although the original ten days in which he was to be captured expired many days ago. Melbourne, the rainmaker is about to invade Mexico with his apparatus, and he may be able to drown Garza out. All other means of capture have failed.

WISCONSIN democrats gerrymandered their state and now the supreme court has granted the attorney-general permission to bring action against it. Quaker what wretched work the democrats make of place stealing.

PREPARATIONS making for the B'Nai B'Rith celebration indicate that it will be one of the finest entertainments of the season.

GROVER was given a grand reception in New Orleans when he came forth

from his fishing expedition on Joe Jefferson's ranch. The New Orleans folks tell a good fish story and Grover can tell it.

SOME ungenerous editor has offered an affront to the ladies by calling the democratic party "Miss Democracy." In the eternal fitness of things it should be called either "Old Maid Democracy" or "Mistit."

UNCLE SAM disposed of both Italy and Chili in one short year. If there are any more impudent governments that want to run up against the old man, his address is Washington, D. C.

BENEVOLENT and philanthropic citizens of Wisconsin offer homes to the Russian Jews in the northern part of their state. The change would be a slight improvement on Siberia.

CONSIDERABLE trouble is being had among the members of the whiskey trust over wholesale rates. Other men find it troublesome to get a trust on retail rates.

NOW that he is in the gubernatorial chair Boyd will probably stay Thayer.

GOVERNOR HOOGE of Texas desires a reelection. Why shouldn't he?

AMUSEMENTS.

Powers-Herrmann.

A magnificent audience filled Powers' last night and for two hours and a half paid enthusiastic tribute to Herrmann. He indeed makes no modest claim in the advance announcement that he is the greatest magician of the age. All marvelled at the dexterity with which the famed necromancer accomplished feats expecting to be dashed to pieces. The observer cannot but be awed and delighted in his presence for much that he does seem impossible. His exploits in ledgerdom are perfect and certainly astonishing. Nearly all of his illusions last evening were new, different from those which he presented on his last visit here. No adequate idea of his new illusion "Strobeika" can be conveyed in writing. It is the greatest mystery ever seen on a local stage. One wonders how it is done, but so cleverly is the agency concealed that the trick seems almost within the bounds of the supernatural. Mr. Herrmann is aided by Mme. Herrmann, an attractive and accomplished lady. Another feature of the entertainment is Mr. Herrmann's presentation of the black art of the ancients. Abdul Khan introduces the sorcery of the oriental countries. The entertainment is clean, calculated to please everybody.

Morse the Sculptor.

Morse the sculptor, who has gained fame for his busts of the prominent men of the day, has been secured for two lectures, which will be delivered in the synagogue, corner of Ransom and Fountain streets, Thursday and Saturday evenings. The subject of the first lecture will be "Sculpture as Art Illustrated by Work in Clay." Heads of well known men will be produced in clay during the lecture. The subject for Saturday evening will be a story written by Mr. Morse illustrated by character sketches.

General Mention.

The ladies of the Ladies' Home and Aid society are very grateful to Manager Burroughs for many cash donations which they have received from the Sunday night charitable performances, but they are particularly appreciative of his generosity in tendering them a special benefit next Friday afternoon. The ladies intend that the theater shall be filled, and they are energetically canvassing for buyers among their friends.

JO JO is packing Geary's museum every afternoon and evening. The stage performance is proving very popular also. Master Eddie Abbott exploits in ledgerdom and black art are truly marvellous when the fact is considered that he is only 8 years of age.

An audience that will occupy the capacity of the theater will see Modjeska in "Marie Stuart" at Powers' tonight. Tomorrow night the great tragedienne will play "Lady Macbeth." The titular part will be in the hands of the well tried player, John A. Lane.

HURR Scharwenka will give one recital at Hartman's hall next Monday evening. His fame as a composer has wide spread as his reputation for being a superb and finished performer. Seats will go on sale at the box office Saturday morning.

The representations of "The Paymaster" at Redmond's yesterday afternoon and evening received a satisfactory patronage.

There will be a matinee at Smith's today. Streets and Robb's company is well liked by the clientele of this theater.

PILFERED FROM STORES.

Two Boys Arrested for Stealing From West Side Merchants.

Peter Dyngalski and Tony Flenzenki, two young lads from the west side, were arrested last evening on a charge of petty larceny. For some time merchants in that vicinity have suspected the boys of pilfering small articles from their stores and have watched for the guilty parties. Suspicion finally rested upon young Dyngalski and Flenzenki, and when arrested a variety of the stolen articles were found in their possession. The boys were locked up at police headquarters.

Identified the Corps.

The man whose body was found in Piaster creek Sunday, has been identified as Isaac Leederste, an old man who wandered away from the county farm some time ago. Adrian Hedboer, who lives on Quarry street, identified the body, and Coroner Penwarden rendered a verdict in accordance with his disposition.

Horse Blanket Minus Owner.

A horse blanket was picked up on the street last night and taken to police headquarters. The article awaits identification.

UNION JACK FOR O'GRADY.

Canadians Send a New Flag to the Captain of the Glendon.

MONTECAL, Feb. 2.—Tonight's Canadian Pacific express for St. John, N. B., will carry to that city a parcel addressed to Captain O'Grady, of the British ship Glendon, who refused to hand down his colors at Bridgeport, Conn., on Sunday, at the demand of an angry and excited mob composed largely of state militia. This parcel contains a brand new union jack, which was purchased by a number of New Brunswick people living in Montreal as well as by subscriptions from Montreal. No regret was the desire to sub-

scribe to this testimonial that the amount for each had to be placed at a very low figure and the number of persons subscribing had to be limited. There is considerable a movement here at the efforts of the American press to give the Bridgeport incident an English twist by reporting the name of the captain of the Glendon as "Trowbridge," when as a matter of fact it was O'Grady.

100 MILES AN HOUR.

An Engineer Goes Mad and Imperils Passengers.

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 2.—Probably one of the most exciting incidents ever known in railroad history is told by Julius Smith, who has just returned from a trip to the northwest. He was in Tacoma, Wash., for a short time on a visit and on his return started back over the Oregon Short line. The road leads along the base of the mountains, and the passengers were enjoying a fine view for some distance, and everything appeared to be going on nicely, until suddenly it was noticed that the train was gradually increasing in speed until it fairly flew along the rails.

The passengers began to get uneasy, but when they saw the conductor and the brakeman rush frantically toward the front of the train, they then knew that something serious was the matter. Faster and faster flew the train until it bounded from side to side at a fearful rate, and the frightened passengers were thrown about the car like so many puppets.

Trees and poles flashed by, and the train was going at a clip equalling a hundred miles an hour, while it seemed only a miracle which kept it on the track. Around curves it would spin, almost standing the poor victims on their heads, while they were every minute expecting to be dashed to pieces. The conductor soon discovered that the engineer had gone mad. He stopped for nothing but flashed past the stations at lightning speed, and for a stretch of forty-five miles the train went so fast that it was impossible for the passengers to hold their seats. The fireman could not be seen in the cab, and it was determined to make an effort to get to the madman before he sent the whole train load of people to eternity.

The conductor and brakeman worked carefully along the tender and crawled their way into the engine behind the engineer, who stood with his head bare and his long hair blowing back as he gazed ahead muttering to himself. With a blow the madman was laid to the floor and the conductor shut off the steam and gradually brought the train to a standstill.

PARBOILED IN LARD.

James Hall Tumbles Into a Tank in a Chicago Packing House.

CHICAGO, Feb. 2.—James Hall, employed at Lipton's packing house in the stock yards, met with a horrible and probably fatal accident this morning. Hall was passing one of the large iron caldrons or tanks used for boiling lard when his foot slipped on the greasy margin and he was precipitated into the hot liquid. Before he could be drawn out by his companions, Hall was literally parboiled, and as he lay in a mass of oiled cotton waste the flesh peeled from his limbs. He was taken to the Mercy hospital. On account of a peculiarly vigorous constitution he has a bare chance for his life. Hall has a family at No. 4433 Winter street.

Blaine the Favorite.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—The members of the several colored churches in the states of New York, Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and New Jersey were polled through their pastors on the following question: "Who is your choice for next president?" The returns show that from a total of 300,000 who expressed their choice 227,000 favor Blaine, 113,300 Harrison, 23,735 Cleveland, 500 Fred Douglass, 33 Hill, 16,291 Alger and 20,170 "the republican candidate."

Destitution in Oklahoma.

DEXTER, Texas, Feb. 2.—A number of colored people who left here last fall to take up homes in Oklahoma have returned. They are destitute and many have been compelled to walk a distance of 200 miles. They say that great destitution prevails among the colored people who have procured lands in Oklahoma.

EGO AND ECHO.

Isabel of Ego, "other day, These words are few and often funny. What to a question she would say Of courtship, love and matrimony. Quoth Echo, plainly: "Wanted of money."

When should I marry? Should it be A dashing dandy, gay and pert, A pattern of constancy, Or selfish, mercenary first? Quoth Echo, sharply: "Nary, first."

What if a weary of the strife That long has lured the gay devolve, She promised to amend her life And sin no more—can I believe her? Quoth Echo, with decision: "Leave her."

But if some maiden with a heart On me should venture to bestow it, Pray, should I set the wiser part To take the treasure or forego it? Quoth Echo, very promptly: "Go it."

But what, if seemingly afraid To bind her fate to Ego's fetters, She vows she means to die a maid, In answer to my loving letter? Quoth Echo, very coolly: "Let her."

What if, in spite of her disdain, I find my heart entwined about With Cupid's dear, delicious bait, So closely that I can't get out? Quoth Echo, laughingly: "Get out."

But if some maid with beauty blest, As pure and fair as Heaven can make her, Will share my labor and my rest, Till sorrow's death shall overtake her? Quoth Echo (with a sigh): "Take her."

—Once a Week.

PONDEROUS SAFES.

Massive Receptacles for the Keeping of Precious Jewels.

Solid Walls of Steel That the Most Skillful Burglar Could Not Penetrate in a Shorter Time Than Twelve Hours.

Here are 200 feet of showcases, half of them on one side of a long room, and back of them are as many feet of upright cases stood against the wall. In the rear of the room are more cases, and wherever there is room for them are costly music boxes, bronze statuettes, and other valuable articles of European and American make. All the showcases are full of jewelry and other articles made of gold and silver. For twenty feet near the front the cases hold nothing but real diamonds and other precious stones, for the place is a big jeweler's salesroom up town. Here no imitation articles are sold—

nothing but real gold and silver and real stones.

"What a beautiful field for a burglar!" was the idea that flashed through the mind of a San reporter who entered the place a few days ago. Not that he contemplated operating in that field; but on looking about the room he could see no sign of a safe or any other strong receptacle—not even such a little iron box as Mr. Russell Sage was recently expected to produce \$1,500,000 from.

"What do you do with your goods at night?" the reporter asked the proprietor.

"You'll find it easier to get them in the daytime," Mr. Jeweler smilingly responded.

"But you have some system of securing them. Tell me what it is for the information of the public—if it is not a secret."

"There is no secret about it," the jeweler replied. "Do you see those three cabinets, those black walnut cabinets, against the east wall? We put everything in those at night."

"You trust to a black walnut cupboard all these cases of gold and diamonds, do you, valued at—at about how much?"

"If you take the entire lot," Mr. Jeweler laughed, "you can have it for \$300,000. But come behind the counter with me and let me show you the cabinets."

The jeweler led the way to the middle of the east side of the room, between cases full of diamonds and costly stones on the one hand and upright cases full of silver teapots and trays and sugar bowls on the other hand.

"Here," he said, when the cabinets were reached, "is where we keep everything at night, except such large articles as would not go in. In our business it is not the big things, but the little ones that are valuable."

They were ordinary looking walnut cabinets, each perhaps seven feet high and five feet wide, and each with folding doors, an upper and a lower panel in each door. A boy might break them all open with a hammer in one minute.

But Mr. Jeweler threw open one of the pairs of folding doors and disclosed inside an immense safe that seemed to say: "Come on, now, if you're a burglar; let's see what you can do!" It was one of the polished steel safes, with tremendous resistance written all over it.

"These are called burglar-proof safes," said the jeweler, "but I need not tell you that no safe is burglar proof. Nothing has been or can be made that cannot be broken, and an expert burglar can open any safe in the world. However, I think these are as nearly burglar proof as any safe in New York. It is merely a question of time with a burglar, and these safes are warranted to resist any attack, except with explosives, for twelve hours. There is not much danger from gunpowder or dynamite in such an exposed place, and to operate with tools successfully requires twelve hours."

As he spoke he opened the safe doors. Three-fourths of the interior was divided into shelves, all of the same height and breadth. The other fourth was taken up by another safe, apparently complete in itself.

"There is where we keep our most valuable goods, the diamonds and other very costly articles," the jeweler continued, tapping the small inner safe. "There is one of these inside of each of the large safes, and each small safe is separate and complete in itself, with its own separate combination. If a burglar manages to reach the inside of one of the large safes he still has another safe to open before he can get the most valuable goods."

"But what an immense labor it must be to put all these goods in the safes every night and take them out again every morning," the reporter suggested.

"Not as much as you might think," Mr. Jeweler replied. "I will show you how it is done. Look at this showcase. You see the articles do not lie on the bottom of the case, but on little shallow velvet-lined trays. Those trays are made to fit the showcase, three of them being just the width of the case. The compartments in the safes are made to accommodate the trays, each compartment holding two tiers of six trays each. So before closing we have only to slide the trays into the safes, and everything is secured."

"That is very convenient," the reporter acknowledged, "and it seems to be very secure."

"Ah, but that is only the first step toward security," the jeweler exclaimed. "We do not put all our money on one card. You have seen that the safes are as strong as they can be made. That is all that steel can do for us. Now we call in electricity to stand guard. Each safe is connected by separate wires with the Burglar Alarm Company. If an explosion or any other jar should move one of them a sixteenth of an inch out of its place, a bell would ring in the headquarters of that company, and within ninety seconds two policemen would be here. If anybody should turn the combination knob a hair's breadth that would have the same effect. I used to have the wires run into my sleeping-room, but I found that two or three times a year there would be some trouble with crossing wires, and I would be called out in a hurry in the middle of the night, and it gave me too much worry. So I had the wires connected with the Burglar Alarm Company, and now when I go home I do not give the goods another thought."

"We can lock or unlock them a hundred times a day," he continued, "but when we once lock them for the night they are not opened again till next morning. When I set the combination for the night, just before going to home, I give an electric signal to the burglar alarm people, and that instant the alarm is set. If I should forget anything, and should open the safe myself after giving the signal, there would be two policemen here in a minute and a half, exactly the same as though a burglar were at work. Now do you suppose I can go home with an easy mind?"

"Perfectly," the reporter assented; "your goods are certainly safe."

"But that is only the second step toward security," Mr. Jeweler said. "Let me show you the third."

He closed the folding doors of the walnut cabinet.

"Tap one of these panels with your fingers, please," he said.

The sound that followed was muffled

and heavy, entirely unlike the sound made by tapping a tin wooden panel.

"These slight cabinets are not as do fenceless as they look," the jeweler continued. "These panels are made of pasteboard, and other parts of the cabinet, although of wood on the outside have pasteboard within."

"And why pasteboard?" the reporter asked.

"Because pasteboard is a better non conductor than wood. The panel you tapped is made of three thicknesses of pasteboard and two thicknesses of tin foil. First there is the outer pasteboard panel, which is stained and grained to imitate walnut; then a layer of tin foil; then a second sheet of pasteboard; then a second layer of tin foil; and finally a third sheet of pasteboard which forms the back of the panel. The first sheet of tin foil is connected with the positive pole of an electric battery; the second sheet of tin foil is connected with the negative pole of the battery. With the sheet of pasteboard between them the metallic sheet do not touch, and there is no circuit. But let a burglar begin to operate upon the cabinet, and run a knife or a gimlet or anything else through the panel, and the metallic foil, touching both sheets of tin foil, instantly completes the circuit, a bell rings in the burglar alarm office, and two policemen come, as before."

"Is that all?" the reporter asked.

"No, not quite," Mr. Jeweler smilingly replied. "Besides these little appliances we have a faithful watchman in the store all night. Part of his work is to press a little electric button every half hour from the time we lock the front door at night till we open it in the morning. Thereby he tells the burglar alarm people that he is awake and on duty. If he lets sixty seconds beyond the half hour pass without pressing the button, the two policemen come to see what is the matter, just as if somebody had tampered with the safes."

There were no more precautions, and the jeweler and the reporter emerged from the inner regions of gold and precious stones.

"Thank you very much," said the reporter.

"Goodday," said the jeweler. "Come again; but always come in the daytime."—N. Y. Sun.

CRUEL MOTHER-IN-LAW.

In India a Wife is the Slave of Her Mother-in-Law.

One hundred and forty years ago a Bengali poet sang of the love of Vijaya and Sundara. His work is a mine of information on some of the social customs of our country in his time. In a certain scene he describes a number of Hindu women bemoaning their miseries in domestic life—of curses her fate as the victim of "a tigress mother-in-law," and of a cruel man (husband's sister).

The great prevalence of the mother-in-law's persecutions nowadays, says the Indian News, has obtained for such a one the sobriquet of Boukanti, or the tormentor of a daughter-in-law. We have indeed anglicized mother-in-law, more motherly than natural mothers, but their existence by its contrast exhibits their opulence in the most horrid colors. In the cottages of the poor as well as in the mansions of the rich these monsters play unmolested their devilish pranks with their sons' wives, among whom some become injured to them, some bicker, and others of a sensitive and delicate nature succumb.

The daily routine of such tortures, which relates to food, raiment, bedding, bath and toilette, domestic service, company of husband and of near relatives, and take the shape of angry and foul vituperations is not much noticed. It becomes only the subject of gossip of neighboring families and of lamentation by her parental relations. It is only when the conduct of a Boukanti culminates in serious acts of violence, mutilations, homicide or murder, or when it leads to suicide that in rare instances it comes to public notice and under cognizance of law. Lately criminal courts in the town and Mufussil have recorded cases of conviction in which wives, for the most trivial faults, had been seriously injured or murdered by their husbands and mothers-in-law.

Don't for Wives.

Don't think your husband's heart is big get than his stomach.

Don't be afraid to assert your rights as an equal partner with your husband.

Don't repeat what your husband tells you.

Don't whine.

Don't be afraid to live within your means.

Don't try to wear a twenty-five dollar bonnet on a twenty-five cent income.

Don't attempt to make a "society man" of your husband.

Don't complain when your husband wants you to stay at home with him in the evening.

Don't publish your domestic grievances abroad.

Don't scold any more than is necessary "to keep peace in the family."—Luskoll Free Press.

Russell Sage, The well-known financier, writes: "505 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 20, 1890."

"For the last twenty years I have been using Alcock's Pains Expellers. They have repeatedly cured me of rheumatic pains and pains in my side and back. Whenever I have a cold, one on my chest and one on my back speedily relieve me."

"My family are never without them."

RUSSELL SAGE.

Peculiar

Peculiar in combination, proportion, and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the cumulative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom. Peculiar in its strength and economy, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "One Hundred Doses One Dollar." Peculiar in its medicinal merits, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown. Peculiar in its phenomenal record of success, it has earned the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered." Peculiar in its "good name at home,"—there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in U. S. than of all other blood purifiers. Peculiar in its phenomenal record of success, it has earned the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered." Peculiar in its "good name at home,"—there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in U. S. than of all other blood purifiers. Peculiar in its phenomenal record of success, it has earned the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered." Peculiar in its "good name at home,"—there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in U. S. than of all other blood purifiers.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar